

Arlington Advocate.



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NO. 25.

The Jilted Star.

I was sitting alone in the gloaming,
Gazing into a quiet sky;
My thoughts were tired of roaming,
As weary and tired as I.
When all at once in the sky above
Shone a star of radiant light,
And then it was in love that I fell
With this star, so strangely bright.
I knew 'twas a world many miles away,
Far greater and fairer than this,
But I watched for its coming at close of day
And always threw it a kiss.
To my tired self it became a friend,
Bringing rest before unknown;
Its tender radiance seemed to blend
In my heart and make me its own.
But alas! too soon I grew weary
Of its cold, dispassionate face,
And a little mortal pang
In my heart crept into its place.
And when at the close of day,
With my new love at my side,
We talked in voices gay,
And she promised to be my bride.
But that night, when the world was sleeping
The rain in torrents fell,
And I thought could my star be weeping
For the false one she loved so well?
The star looked down from above
As we stood there talking together,
And I thought of the change in my love,
And she of the change in the weather.

LOVE AND HUNTING.

"Please, sir, are these for you?"
It was my man who spoke, and as he
d so he held up for inspection an im-
maculate pair of "tops" in one hand
and a pair of painfully new breeches in
the other, while his countenance wore
an expression of mingled fear and
astonishment.
With an inward sinking at my heart
I turned from my morning paper and
outlet, and having nodded a gloomy
assent to his query, said: "That will
do, James; lay them on the sofa."
The above conversation took place in
my bachelor apartments in the Albany,
and the reason for the appearance there-
in of the aforesaid tops and breeches I
am about to explain. I am not a hunt-
ing man. I never could see any joke
in bumping about on a hard piece of a
pigskin in pursuit of a draggled piece
of vermillion called a fox, although some
people say the fox enjoys the fun. It
is all very well for those who like it;
and Mr. Jorrick, of immortal memory,
may call hunting "the sport of things—
the image of war without its guilt and
only twenty-five per cent. of its danger,"
if he likes, but I confess I can't see it
in that light. It was with feelings the
reverse of pleasant, therefore, that I re-
ceived and accepted an invitation from
Sir Harry Bullfinch to stay a week in
his "box" in Warwickshire, and avail
myself of his hospitality and a mount
with the renown pack which hunted that
country. I was urged to this ac-
ceptance of what in my saner moments
I should have indignantly treated as a
practical joke by a slight attack of the
master passion. I met Sir Harry and
his daughter, Kate, in London, during
the past season. We had frequently
met at various balls and entertain-
ments, and on several occasions had
enjoyed the balmy fragrance of Bushy
park and the still delights of a boat on
the upper reaches of the Thames, but
with my natural timidity I had never
ventured to ask the question which was
forever on the tip of my tongue, but
never got further. The invitation ap-
peared to hold out promises of quiet
tete-a-tetes, so I electrified my tailor
and bootmaker with orders for the
necessary "togs" with which to carry
on the campaign.
I remember having somewhere heard
or read that in order to acquire an easy
and graceful seat on horseback, sitting
astride on a chair and holding on by the
back was excellent practice, so, having
called James and given him most ex-
press instruction to deny me even to
my most intimate friends, I proceeded
to struggle into perhaps the tightest
pair of cords that were ever made for
mortal man, and, with the aid of a
brandy and soda and a couple of boot
hooks, to pull on a pair of boots which
nearly gave me a fit of apoplexy and
made my corns burn for hours. Armed
with a cutting whip, I then mounted
astride the strongest chair in the apart-
ment, and continued the exhilarating
exercise with the firmness of a stoic and
a martyr, and with only one interval
for luncheon, throughout the entire
day.
My train left the Great Northern
station at 4:30, and landed me safely at
my destination. In due course I found
myself seated next to the fair Kate,
with my legs comfortably stretched
under Sir Harry's mahogany.
"I suppose our dull country pack
will come quite a second rate to you,"
said Kate.

I was murmuring something in re-
ply, when Sir Harry cut in with:
"Ah! I've got a splendid mount for
you to-morrow, my boy! A trifle play-
ful, perhaps—hasn't been hunted yet
this season, but will carry you like a
bird."
"Oh, yes," said Kate. "Czar is such
a nice creature."
"Indeed!" said I. "I am rejoiced to
hear it. Of course you accompany us
to the meet?"
"Yes," she replied. "and papa has
said that as you are going out I might
even follow the hounds a little way.
You'll look after me, won't you, Mr.
De Boots?"
I promised to do my devoirs, but in
my heart of hearts thought I should re-
quire some one to look after me.
The following morning at breakfast,
which was early on account of our hav-
ing to go some distance to the meet,
the horses were brought round—a
sturdy, thick-set, quiet-looking weight
carrier, a neat-looking gray mare, and a
bright, fidgety chestnut. The latter
gave his attendant groom some trouble,
and insisted on waltzing around on his
hind legs a good deal more than ap-
peared to me to be necessary.
"I am afraid your papa will find that
animal rather troublesome," I remarked
to Kate.
"That," she answered, "oh, that's
not papa's—that's the one you are going
to ride—Czar."
My appetite left me, and as I rose and
walked, in an unconcerned manner as I
could assume to the window, I saw that
the Czar had reversed the order of his
forelegs and lashing out with his heels
in a very vicious-looking and anything
but "playful" manner.
A general move was now made to the
front door. Kate looked at me and
evidently expected me to "put her up,"
but I knew better than to attempt it,
and pretended to be intent on buckling
a strap of the pair of spurs Sir Harry
had lent me until she was safe in the
saddle. Czar was then brought up for
me to mount, which, after several abortive
attempts on my part, I effected, and
we all jogged on toward the meet. Con-
trary to my expectation Czar behaved
in a most exemplary manner, and I even
ventured to swing my whip with a
jaunty air without his taking the slight-
est notice. But it was too good to
last. Presently a red coat popped out
on us from a by-lane, and the Czar's
ears began to twitch. Two or three
more horsemen overtook us, and his
tail began to describe circles, and he
proceeded on his way with a crab-like
movement, which was anything but e-
legant and eminently disconcerting.
Almost before I could realize the po-
sition, a stern voice shouted: "Now, you
sir, mind the hounds, will you?" and a
muttered oath, accompanied by an ex-
pression which sounded very much like
"tailor," drew my attention to the fact
that we had arrived in a field by the
side of a wood, in which was gathered
some seventy or eighty horsemen and
a pack of hounds. Luckily for myself,
and also for the hounds, on whom Czar
seemed to think it great fun to dance,
the master at this moment gave the sig-
nal to "throw off." It nearly came
being prophetic in my case. In less
time than it takes to write, a fox was
started. I lost my hat and my head at
one and the same moment, and nearly
my seat, and the next thing that I re-
member with any degree of distinct-
ness is clinging with the blind energy
of a drowning man to the pommel of
the saddle, and regarding with despair
a huge fence which seemed to approach
me at a terrific rate. There was a sud-
den rush, a tremendous spring—I seem
to have left the lower part of my waist-
coat and its contents on the other side
of the obstacle—and, with a jolt which
pitched me somewhere in the vicinity
of Czar's ears, we were over.

The field we landed in was a stiffish
fallow, but Czar still "urged on his
wild career" with unabated speed. I
shook back into the saddle, and a pass-
ing regret that I had neglected to insure
my life against accidents flitted through
my mind. I continued to cling to the
pommel, and in this manner we nego-
tiated three more fences, and got into
a quiet lane, when, much to my aston-
ishment Czar stopped dead short. We
had, to my sincere delight, lost the
hounds! I patted Czar gently on the
neck, and quickly dismounting, led
him slowly down the lane. We had not
proceeded far when I discerned a coun-
try lad coming toward me, carrying in
his hand my lost hat, which had been
battered out of all shape by a horse's
hoof. I recovered the lost headgear,
climbed back into the saddle intending

to walk Czar quietly homeward, when
I could discover in what direction home
was. But as ill-luck would have it, at
that precise moment the sound of a horn
was heard far off in the distance. Czar
pricked up his ears and gave a sudden
start, and on my attempting to check
him, reared straight on end, while I
lovingly clasped him round the neck
with both arms, and with one plunged
forward and upward we left that lane
and that country youth forever. We
landed in a pasture, and were going at
a fearful pace up a slight incline. Ar-
rived at the top, the whole hunt was to
be seen coming down the valley.
And now Czar would take no denial.
Rushing down the slope at a speed to
which all former exertions of his had
been as mere child's play, flew over a
double post and rails, and I found my-
self a good field in front of the fore-
most flight of horsemen and close on to
the hounds! still onward! until loom-
ing in the distance appeared a strag-
gling line of stunted willows, which,
even to my initiated vision, meant
"water." Splash! there goes the
fox! Splash! splash! there go the
hounds! I hear voices shouting be-
hind me as if in warning, but all I can
do is to hold on and trust in Provi-
dence. Our pace, if possible, increases,
and with a sort of idea of going up in a
balloon, Czar and myself seemed sus-
pended in the air miles above the
brook. It seems ages before we come
down again, which we do with a jerk
that would have unseated me had it not
been for Czar suddenly springing for-
ward and shaking me back to my proper
place. We rush on to where the hounds
seem to be scrambling for something
and quarreling amongst themselves—
they have run into the fox and Czar
comes to a standstill just outside the
worrying pack.
Up comes the first whip and flogs
them off their prey, and I see Sir Harry
advancing toward me, red in the face and
violently gesticulating with his heavy
hunting crop. What have I done?
Have I unconsciously infringed some
point in hunting etiquette or have I
hurt Czar? Neither the one or the
other. Sir Harry, hastily flinging him-
self off his steaming horse, comes up to
me and seizing me by the hand nearly
wrings my arms off and bursts out with:
"Well done, my boy! You rascal,
you! You've 'pounded' the whole of us.
Never saw such going in all my life.
Don't believe there's another man in
the field that could have done it. Here,
Lord George!"—to the noble master
who at that moment rode up—"permit
me to introduce my friend, Mr. De
Boots."
"Delighted to make your acquaint-
ance, sir," says his lordship, shaking
me heartily by the hand. "I trust to
be able to show you some good sport
if you are thinking of remaining in our
country, though if you do we shall all
have to look to our laurels, for you went
like a bird, sir."
While he is speaking several gentle-
men ride up, to all of whom I am in-
troduced, and all of whom praise what
they are pleased to call my "plucky
riding."
Miss Kate comes up as the last ob-
sequies are being performed, and on the
huntsman, obedient to a nod from his
lordship, who is no lover of women in
the hunting field, presenting me with
the brush, I handed it to her with all
the grace compatible with mud-stained
habiliments, and a crushed and bat-
tered hat.
We rode home together—Sir Harry
and an old crony of his riding some dis-
tance in the rear. Czar was complacent
and had apparently had quite enough,
at any rate, for that day; so thinking
that I might never have another such
opportunity, I gently took Kate's whip
hand and ventured to put that question
which had been so long on the tip of
my tongue.
Her answer was a whisper "Yes;"
but suddenly turning to me she added:
"On one condition."
"Name it, dearest," I replied.
"You are so rash and daring that you
must promise me never to hunt after
we are married!"
Need I say how readily I gave the re-
quired pledge, and how faithfully I
kept it?
They stood at the door preparatory to
saying good-night. "When shall I call
again?" he asked with an emotion that
made his eyes and his voice soft.
"When papa returns," she answered
calmly. "And when will that be?" he
eagerly asked. "Well, he starts on a
voyage around the world to-morrow,
and I'll let you know when he gets
back."

FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

Summer Treatment of Calla Lilies.

The common practice is to remove
the pots to a shed or any place where
they will be dry, and lay them upon
the side, where they may remain until
time for repotting in the autumn. Of
course the roots become dry. Another
plan is to remove plants from the pots
to the garden, where they will remain
in a half dormant condition until
autumn. No water must be given and
no culture is required. In the autumn
repot in a good, rich soil, and give
plenty of water, but don't water too
freely until signs of growth. By the
latter plan flowers are secured earlier
in the winter.—*Vick's Floral Guide.*

How to Train Tomatoes.

A housewife, who vouches for the
success of her plan, makes these sug-
gestions for tomato training: When the
plants are ready for the garden, make
a considerable hill of good compost.
Chip manure is excellent, and a quan-
tity of chicken manure is good. After
the hill is made, drive a long stake
through it. This may be six feet high.
Set the plant near it. The training will
require attention. The plant will im-
mediately begin to sucker or throw out
side shoots, just above each leaf. These
must be cut off, and then the plant will
run up vigorously. Tie it to the stake,
and do not be afraid to use the knife.
Keep on cutting each stem that appears
in the axil of a leaf, and keep on tying.
The first bearing branches come directly
from the body of the plant. Remem-
ber that this trimming must be con-
tinued as long as the plant bears. Thus
trained, the fruit is superior in size,
quantity and flavor, beside being less
liable to rot or drop off.

Recipes.

SALAD DRESSING WITH RAW EGGS.—
Break three eggs—the whites into a
bowl, the yolks upon a flat platter; stir
the yolks round and round upon the
platter with a broad silver fork; add a
quarter of a teaspoonful of dry mustard,
continue stirring until well mixed; then
add a few drops at a time, two-thirds of
a cup of best olive oil, stir constantly
until it is a thick paste; beat to a froth
the whites of the eggs, add the paste,
which will become thinner, and may be
beaten hard and steadily until perfectly
smooth; just before serving add a table-
spoonful of vinegar; never put salt in
the dressing, but season highly with salt
whatever is to be served therewith. The
quantities of mustard, oil and vinegar
may be varied to suit different tastes.

MOCK BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Warm one
quart of skimmed milk to the tempera-
ture of new milk; add one teaspoonful
of dairy salt and three tablespoonfuls of
good lively yeast; thicken to the con-
sistency of real buckwheat cakes with
Graham meal in which three small
handfuls of fine corn-meal has been
mixed. Very coarse "middlings," such
as one gets from country mills, answer
quite as well, and none but an expert
would know the difference between the
imitation and the real.

WHIPPED CREAM.—Place the cream
where it will become thoroughly chilled,
and whip with an eggbeater. Should
the cream be difficult to bring to a froth
beat it with the white of an egg. While
whipping take off the froth and place it
on a sieve, rewhipping all that passes
through. Sweeten and flavor. Use
with strawberry shortcake, or with
sweetened strawberries.

CELERY FRITTERS.—Boil some thick
but tender stalks of celery in salted
water; when done, dry them on a cloth,
cut them in equal lengths about one
and a half inches, dig them in batter,
ry to a golden color, sprinkle fine salt
well over and serve.

A Premium for Scorpion Scalls.

A Durango correspondent describes a
terrible scorpion, known as the alacran,
which infests that region. Its sting is
mortal in every case, and no remedy has
ever been found to counteract its deadly
poison. The spasms are so violent that
it takes three or four strong men to
hold a patient stung by it. Happily
the suffering is short, for after two or
three hours the suffering is all over.
Patients emit from their mouth a
greenish-yellow foam, which turns into
a black spongy matter in a short while.
Every year thirty or more deaths are
recorded as the work of the alacran.
The government pays a premium for
their scalp, and boys hunt them and de-
rive quite a revenue from that source,
but the pest does not seem to diminish
any. They are said to occupy but a
small belt of land running east and
west, taking in Durango and Mazatlan.
—*San Antonio (Texas) Herald.*

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Queen Victoria's drawing-room is a
dismally ceremonious thing; but the
last time it was held there was a pretty
bit of youthful brightness visible. Be-
tween the folding-doors at the end of
the gallery peeped and peered Alexan-
dra's three small daughters, their spark-
ling faces and dancing eyes little ac-
cording with the deep court mourning
they wore.

Within a few years the exportation of
apples from this country to France has
enormously increased. It is now said
that a considerable part of this useful
product comes back in the form of Nor-
mandy cider and light claret. Late
frosts are reported to have injured the
French apple crop, and of course this
country will be expected to supply the
deficiency in accordance with its usual
custom of providing for the world's
wants.

There is always satisfaction in seeing
a man of science avoid technicalities
and come right down to good old Anglo-
Saxon speech. And while so many scatter-
brained impostors are endeavoring to
scare people into the belief that the
planets are going to wreck the world
during this year of grace, there is solid
comfort in the following letter written
by Professor Young, of Princeton, N.
J., to a Nebraska inquirer: "Dear Sir—
It is true that Saturn, Jupiter and
Venus are near conjunction and T. near
its perihelion. But they have no influ-
ence whatever of any sort on the earth.
The nonsense talked about the matter
is worthy of the dark ages. Two tom-
cats fighting in the streets of Pekin will
disturb the world more than all imagi-
nable planetary conjunctions. Yours,
C. A. Young." That letter ought to
keep many a good half-dollar out of the
pockets of peripatetic philosophers who
are going about the country lecturing
to the credulity of ignorant people.

It is discouraging to learn that of all
the essays submitted to the judges who
were appointed to award the interna-
tional prize of two thousand marks, of-
fered by the Empress Augusta of Aus-
tria, for the best work on diphtheria,
not one contained any new fact with re-
gard to the origin, nature or treatment
of the disease, and that the prize was,
therefore, not awarded. A new offer is
now made to the medical profession
throughout the world, for "experimen-
tal researches into the cause of diphthe-
ria, accompanied by essays upon the
practical deductions to be derived from
those investigations." The committee
will give the decision upon the works
offered in this new competition upon Sep-
tember 30, 1882. The money value of
the prize will, of course, furnish no in-
ducement to learned and skillful men
to prosecute this inquiry, but the hope
of doing a great service to humanity,
and the fame which would follow a
valuable contribution to the meager
knowledge of this scourge ought to in-
sure important results from the compe-
tition.

In his recent lecture at the national
fishing exhibition in Norwich, England,
Professor Huxley said a great many in-
teresting things about that prolific and
valuable friend of man, the herring.
He described this fish as occupying a
place in natural history almost unique
in itself, which still to a certain extent
puzzles biologists. Practical men may
have little difficulty in determining
whether a given fish is a herring or not;
but scientific zoologists, looking a little
deeper, have not always succeeded in
drawing a hard and fast line between
the herring, the sprat, the shad and the
pilchard. One thing is certain, that,
by whatever name the fish is called, the
numbers on the English coast are enor-
mous, and so long as climatic conditions
remain the same, the supply is practi-
cally inexhaustible. Calculating by the
evidence of fishermen, a "school" of
herring may contain more than 500,000-
000 fish, and as many shoals are ob-
served year after year, not only on the
English coasts, but on those adjacent,
the number of good herrings in any one
year must be reckoned by billions.

In Paris false ears are a new manufac-
ture for the toilet. Ladies who think
they have ugly ears place these artistic
productions under luxuriant tresses of
false hair, fasten them to the natural
ears, and wear them for show. False
hair, false teeth, false breasts, false hips,
false calves, false ears—what next?

Two Carolina telegraph operators
quarreled by wire, exchanged chal-
lenges in the same way, and met half
way between Columbia and Charlotte to
fight with fists.

Conquer Thyself.

'Tis a good thing sometimes to be alone
Sit calmly down and look self in the face,
Hansack the heart, search every secret place
Playful uproot the baneful seeds there sown,
Pluck out the weeds ere the full crop is grown
Gird up the loins afresh to run the race,
Foster all noble thoughts, cast out the base,
Thrust forth the bad and make the good thine
own.
Who has the courage thus to look within?
Keep faithful watch and ward with inner eyes;
Thy foe may harass, but can never surprise
Or over him ignoble conquest win.
Oh! doubt it not, if thou wouldst wear the
crown,
Self, baser self, must first be trampled down.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"I'm mashed on you," remarked the
mosquito to the young lady, as she
slapped it.

An old tin kettle may not point a
moral, but we have frequently known it
to adorn a tail.

Gate posts should be set out firmly.
A great deal may hinge upon them as
your girls grow up.

"Did you call your brother a liar?"
asked the stern parent, and the culprit
replied: "Well, I said he was a sewing
machine agent."

Proverbial Philosophy—One hair in
the hash will cause more hard feelings
than seven illuminated mottoes on the
wall can overcome.

The aged female who spends most of
her time in "shooting" hens out of the
garden, must be the veritable "old
woman who lived in her shoe."

"Gentle maid, why so dejected?
Pray tell me why this great distress:
Pray do!" sighed he.
"Why, Tom proposed so unexpected
That I said no when I meant yes;
Boo hoo!" cried she.

An Indiana man lost fifteen steers by
lightning the other day. What this
country needs is a new breed of cattle
born with lightning rods instead of
horns.

Human nature reveals itself in the
smallest concerns of life. A lad was
watching a man beat a carpet, and said:
"That man's boy must have good times.
Why, that man couldn't lick the stuffing
out of a ten-cent doll."

A little girl once took a letter from
her mother to an old lady friend
"Many thanks, my child," she said,
"you may tell your mother that you are
a faithful little messenger." "Thank
you, ma'am; and I shall tell her, too,
that I didn't ask you for ten cents, be-
cause Lamma told me not to."

IN EXPLANATION.

Her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near—
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you,
But—her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
—*Walter Learned, in Scribner.*

How Sam Solon Fired a Gun.

Colonel Solon's boy Sam traded off
his yellow dog last week to Jim Jenks
for the latter's old army musket. Sam
had never fired a gun, but he had a
notion how it should be done. His
father had half a pound of powder in
the house, which Sam poured down the
muzzle, then jammed down a whole
newspaper, and filled the remaining
space with chunks of lead which he cut
off from the lead pipe in the kitchen
with the butcher knife. The cap was
put in place, and armed with this czar
destroyer the boy went forth in search
of adventures. Upon the roof of an ad-
joining house were a flock of doves,
and Sam rested his gun over the fence,
pointed the muzzle in their direction,
and saying to himself, "They won't
know what hit 'em," shut both eyes
and pulled the trigger.

For about half a minute that neigh-
borhood was so filled with feathers,
noise, chunks of dove's meat, pieces of
wood, boys' yells and women's shrieks
that the people on the south side
thought there had been a collision on
the circus train, and the elephant was
taking out an old grudge on the lions.
Sam laid flat on his back, with the gun
a rod behind him and a ill shivering
from the concussion. Half of Sam's
face was black and blue, and he didn't
dare to get up until he was sure the
gun had got all shot off, and even then
he wasn't certain that more than half
the load had gone out. And those
doves! Why, two down had been
paralyzed, and the top of that house
looked as if a shell had burst in the
attic and blown a feather bed with a
servant girl up through the roof. There
wasn't enough left of the doves to dis-
tinguish a fan-tail from a bull-terrier,
and people in the neighborhood are
preparing to move away unless Sam is
sent into the country.—*Our City Herald.*

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Building a Memorial Hall.

We made a brief visit to Wakefield's Memorial Hall last Wednesday evening, where the names and services of its soldier dead are recorded in enduring marble. The arrangement pleased us very much, and on some accounts that plan seems preferable to a monument. And as Melrose hopes are long to do something worthy the memories of its departed heroes, it may be well for citizens visiting Wakefield to look at the hall. It is easy of access all the year round, and can be visited by relatives of soldiers and visiting strangers in all sorts of weather. The work looks as bright and fair as though put up but yesterday, and it may look nearly as well a century hence.

There is a suggestion in the above paragraph taken from the Melrose Journal, which citizens of this town might well consider. For years Arlington has been talking about some monumental recognition of the patriotic devotion of her citizens who bore arms in the late war, as something has occurred to remind them of these past days, and the organization of a Grand Army Post has once again aroused those specially interested in the matter. While it is yet in their minds we would call attention to the many advantages a memorial hall, or memorial tablets in a fine Town Hall, has over the most attractive monument, which will suggest themselves to any thoughtful mind. We question if the time has come for action, but it can do no harm to frequently call attention to the matter. As Rev. Mr. Potter suggested in his Decoration Day oration, last year, "let us all look forward hopefully to the time when Arlington shall erect a memorial to her patriotic sons that shall take the form of a building, which by its conveniences and attractions shall be a constant source of refreshment and growth of all that is highest and noblest in man,—a depository for its library and gallery for its treasures of art."

A Gratifying Exhibit.

The Board of Assessors have completed their labors for the year 1881 and the result of this annual "taking account of stock" must prove gratifying in the highest degree to all the taxpayers of the town. Without raising the valuation, a trick very common where a low rate is desired for the sake of show, and without any curtailment of needed expenditures, the rate is reduced \$1.50 on \$1,000, making the rate for 1881 \$14.50 on \$1,000.

To the Advocate, for several months past confidently claiming a high degree of prosperity in the town, though without minute data, these official figures are gratifying as showing we were not mistaken, but that in reality a good degree of enterprise in increasing the business of the town has yielded a substantial return in which all can share. The increase in real estate is from actual value in the shape of new houses and other buildings, while the increase in personal comes from natural changes which occur each year.

The following statistics are those usually printed on the tax bills, and are given here that the several items may be examined by our readers without the trouble of hunting up last year's tax bill:—

	1881	1880
Real Estate	\$3,424,138.00	\$3,398,357.00
Personal	1,780,335.00	1,664,710.00
Town Grant	72,525.00	69,350.00
State Tax	3,010.00	5,010.00
County Tax	2,517.58	2,517.58
Overlays	275.57	118.47
No. of Polls, 1881, at \$2.00	2,066.00	2,066.00
Rate of Taxation on \$1,000	\$14.50	\$16.00

Arlington Boat Club Notes.

There was a special meeting of the Boat Club, last Monday evening, at which ten new members were admitted. This speaks volumes for its popularity. The Club will celebrate the 17th to the full extent of its ability. In the morning there will be a grand race for all styles of boats,—yachts, single working boats, double working boats, canoes, Whitehall and skiffs,—and most of the active members will take some part in the affair.

In the afternoon, at 1.30 o'clock, there will be a glass ball match, at the club grounds, near Mt. Pleasant cemetery. Tuesday evening Addison Sawyer and George Cutler "caught crabs" and got upset while out for practice, near the ice houses, and had to remain in the water until boats could be launched from the house, and rowed down to them, Ralph Parris and Frank Hill going to their assistance in separate boats. Being able to swim they were in no great danger. The boat was somewhat damaged.

Among the list of new attorneys admitted to practice in the courts of Massachusetts last Monday we notice the name of Mr. George H. Reed, of Lexington, who we are glad to greet with his new title, Esq.

Tying the Nuptial Knot.

Though the pastoral relation between the Arlington Baptist church and Rev. C. H. Spalding was long since severed, yet in all services calling naturally for the one occupying the most affectionate relations with the church, he continues to minister. Last Tuesday he again visited Arlington, to unite in bonds of matrimony Mr. Charles C. Cox and Miss Sallie H. Rawson. The ceremony was performed at the slightly residence of the bride's parents, at the junction of Broadway and Warren streets. The grounds around the house presented an attractive appearance, and Mr. Rawson's extensive greenhouses and conservatory furnished material with which to decorate the rooms with a wealth of fragrant beauty.

The marriage ceremony was performed at 5.30 o'clock, Messrs. Gardner Cushman, J. H. Richardson, G. Arthur Swan and G. F. Stevenson acting as ushers. Of the ceremony, etc., a Traveler correspondent says:—"They were married with the ring, as has been the custom of late, and the ceremony was impressive. The costume of the bride was white silk skirt, *en traine*, with bodice or tunic of white broadened satin, trimmed with tulle, with veil *en corone*, and ornaments of flowers. It was dainty and most becoming costume for the fair bride, and the black dress suit of the groom was a marvel of correctness."

J. Howard Richardson's Orchestra, (without a successful rival on occasions like this) furnished music which added greatly to the pleasure of the happy occasion, and the caterer was equally successful in his department, the viands not only being tastefully arranged and attractive to the eye, but toothsome to the highest degree,—a fit *finale* for such a party.

Miss Rawson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Rawson, has a large circle of friends and acquaintance in Arlington, Belmont and Cambridge, and her husband,—designer with the Forbes Lithograph Company,—is popular with the young men of the town, consequently their friends, with immediate relatives, made up a brilliant company, which filled the house. The happy couple started for New York by the evening train, and on their return from the wedding tour they will reside in Arlington. We add our congratulations and good wishes to those already spoken.

A large number, but only a small portion of the young lady's friends or well-wishers in this town, went from Arlington to Newton, Monday evening, to attend the nuptials of Mr. H. B. Stevens and Miss Lilla, daughter of the late Dea. John Field.

Thursday evening Miss S. Fannie Gerry, daughter of Rev. E. J. Gerry, pastor of the Hanover street (Boston) Chapel these many years, who recently leased the Chamberlain estate on Pleasant street, Arlington, was married to Millard F. Wilder, Esq.

Civil Damage Law.

We are now in receipt of a handy little pamphlet from Mr. Henry H. Faxon, containing the Civil Damage Law and laws regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, and the licensing of innkeepers and common victuallers, together with a digest of the decisions of the Supreme Judicial Court. In his preface Mr. Faxon says:—

"If the temperance people will only personally insist that the laws embraced in this pamphlet shall be enforced, 60 per cent. of the rum shops in the Commonwealth can be closed. Then if they do their duty next fall by attending the causes and polls, and work to secure the nomination and election of honest temperance men, laws can be enacted that will make the 40 per cent. balance of rum-sellers tremble. However much temperance sentiment there may be in any city or town, the laws for the suppression of the traffic in rum will avail but little, unless officials are elected who favor their enforcement."

Recognition of Faithful Services.

For many years Mr. William L. Clark has filled the position of treasurer of Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., and has attended to the duties with a fidelity which has won the admiration of his associates and brothers. Feeling that some token of appreciation was deserved, this week a purse of money was quietly made up among the members of Bethel Lodge, and, at the meeting last Wednesday, evening the same was presented to him, Rev. William F. Potter acting as spokesman, and performing the duty with his accustomed grace. Mr. Clark responded as well as possible under such a complete surprise, being somewhat overcome by so marked a token of respect and esteem. Bethel Lodge has a way of doing the proper thing in a remarkably happy manner.

The Musical Herald, for June, came to hand last week, just too late for notice. It is a number full of interest to musicians, as it gives an illustrated history of the organ, that noblest of all musical instruments. The musical numbers are most excellent, and the editorials are full of valuable suggestions to young and old. It is in every way the most thoroughly common sense publication, devoted to music, we have ever known,—and deserves the highest measure of success.

LEAF FROM THE PAST.

Not being quite ready to continue "Our Home Industries" series along to the well known Saw Factory, which comes next in order in our plan, we have thought all might be interested in glancing back a few years, and that our older readers might be pleasantly reminded as we recite to the younger ones something of the history of Schouler Mills.

On Tuesday, July 27, 1875, the building just off Arlington Avenue, below Brattle street, for years known as Schouler's Mill, was burned, at that time being occupied by Mr. Samuel Baxendale, as a shoddy mill. This building was built over the mill-privilege which Abner Stearns, of Billerica, bought of Ephraim Cook, and where he established, in 1811, a fulling-mill and spinning machine with seventy-two spindles, for spinning wool, which was taken elsewhere to be woven into broad cloth. The peace of 1815 broke up the business, owing to the importation of British cloths, and Mr. Stearns left West Cambridge.

On the 6th day of March, 1832, Mr. Stearns sold this property, "with mill-site and mill-privileges known as the Stearns Factory," to Mr. James Schouler, a calico printer, at that time resident in Lynn. Mr. Schouler was born in Scotland, and was the father of Hon. John Schouler, still an honored resident of Arlington, and the late Adj.-Gen. William Schouler, who acquired a national reputation by his conduct of affairs at the State House, during the memorable years of the late rebellion.

Mr. Schouler at once removed to Arlington (then West Cambridge) and continued in his new home his business of cloth printing, confining himself to the slow hand process with blocks, and printing mostly handkerchiefs, table cloths, bed-spreads and other articles. There were not many people acquainted with the business, and the establishments engaged were few, consequently the profits were large, and the business was prosperous. Mr. Schouler had a family of boys who he instructed in the business, and they all in turn had an interest in it. In the exciting campaign of 1840 this establishment bore an important part, printing thousands of handkerchiefs for use by the clubs who were waving banners and shouting for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and made a large sum of money by the operation.

After some years the several sons, John, James, William and Robert were given an interest in the business, and as machinery was invented by which continuous rolls could be printed, it was added to this establishment and the printing of satinet and casimeres became the principal business, and for many years it was a hive of industry and source of wealth, building after building being added.

Mr. Schouler retired from the business after some years, leaving it to his sons, and at a later period another change was made and a partnership was formed between Messrs. John, James and Robert Schouler and Mr. W. H. Locke, who had married a daughter, of Mr. Robert Schouler, Mr. William Schouler retiring.

One of the results of the war of the rebellion was an unusual demand for woolen goods of every kind suitable for sheltering, and Messrs. W. H. and B. Delmont, Locke, who had succeeded the Messrs. Schouler in the proprietorship of the Schouler Mills, entered into the business with great vigor, at one time employing about two hundred men in the printing of satinet and flannels.

With the close of the war the business dwindled, and shortly after, all the machinery was removed to New York where Mr. W. H. Locke carried on the business for some years.

With the advent of Mr. Baxendale and his shoddy machinery, there was a ripple of revival of business in that section of our town, but this went out with the fire that consumed the buildings and we are not likely again to see any approach to the activity which only a few years ago made that the liveliest section of the town, as the mill-privilege now belongs to the Town of Arlington, they having purchased it of Hon. John Schouler in settlement of damages arising from the introduction of water into Arlington.

Fortieth Anniversary.

The Sunday School connected with the Arlington Universalist church celebrated its fortieth anniversary, last Sunday evening, and fortunately had pleasant weather,—something remarkable so far this month. The pulpit and platform were both handsomely ornamented with floral offerings, a cross and the figures 1841 and 1881 being the most prominent. The opening anthem was by the male quartette of the church, Messrs. Cutter, Pople, Pates and Parris, and the scripture reading was by the pastor. Payer by Rev. Mr. Gerry, of Hanover street chapel, Boston, was followed with response by the choir and singing by the school, "Summer Days are Coming." In lieu of the Secretary's report, Rev. Mr. Potter gave a brief sketch of the year's work, and reported that in spite of sickness of superintendent and other drawbacks, the school was in a flourishing and prosperous condition and that the future was full of encouragement. The anniversary hymn, written for the occasion by Miss E. J. Locke, was then sung, and Rev. C. F. Lee, of Charlestown, followed with an interesting address. He glanced back over the forty years, by speaking of the then President of the United States and the men who at that time had national reputations, and measured the growth of our country by apt comparisons. He spoke in turn to teachers, parents and scholars, giving each reasons for encouragement, and said the future was full of promise because such a great army in our country was "keeping step to the music of the gospel." His points were well taken and illustrated with telling stories.

A hymn by the choir and school was followed with an address by Rev. I. F. Waterhouse, of Belmont. He told of his own early experiences, beginning at seventeen (an age when so many young men think it time to graduate) and continuing until now, and said that its importance and usefulness was very clear to him, so long as it was kept subordinate to the church, and devoted to its legitimate work,—education, and not amusement of the young. He closed his remarks happily with two stories, illustrating selfishness in one case and faithfulness in the other, and held the close attention of all to the close.

The exercises closed with a hymn and the benediction, pronounced by the pastor. The exercises were less elaborate than has been customary of late years, but the hour was pleasantly and profitably spent, so that this fortieth anniversary must be written down no less a success than the others. The attendance was very large.

The receipt of a neatly printed invitation (they could have been equally well done at this office) from the graduating class reminds us that another school year has nearly closed; that the hundreds of children in the public schools are about to pass forward to another grade. Three years ago a class of over twenty entered the High School, but only nine remain to receive the crowning honor, the diploma,—Nancy M. Collins, Emma F. Dupee, Lewis P. Frost, Edith A. Hicks, Hattie F. Wood, Howard B. S. Prescott, Frederick L. Rich, Nellie Russell, Hugh Scannell. To Miss Wood is assigned the salutatory, and Miss Dupee, is valedictorian. The school has been, during the past year, eminently satisfactory, and we offer our congratulations to Mr. Clay and his assistants and our thanks to the scholars whose conduct has enabled them to devote their full energies to the legitimate work of the school, education. The disadvantage of allowing pupils in the school to take special courses having become more and more apparent, the practice will be discontinued with this year. Nine pupils take Harvard examinations this term, and two will go forward to advanced schools,—Miss May Hardy to Smith's and Howard Prescott to Amherst College.

Cotting High School.

The graduation exercises will be held in Town Hall, Tuesday evening, June 28th, and the class reception will be in Russell School Hall, dancing to commence at 9.30, P. M. Holders of reserved seat tickets must present them before the close of the salutatory or the seats will be filled by the ushers.

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A Veteran Postmaster.

Mr. Silas Cutler, of Burlington, Mass., the second oldest Postmaster in the United States, has resigned his office. He was appointed November 2, 1832, and in his continuous service since, his salary has never reached \$40 per annum. He says in a letter to the Postmaster General: "I have been Postmaster here for nearly fifty years. I am getting old and feeble and I wish to be relieved of the care of the office, and should like, as soon as may be, my discharge. . . . I cannot find any one here who is disposed to take the office for the compensation I have received." The Burlington mail will be distributed from the Woburn office, which, for many years, has transacted most of the post office business of the adjoining town of Burlington.

Grown Big.

The "Grattan Echo," edited by Francis P. Curran, published at Woburn, comes to us enlarged one column to the page. It is a spicy paper. The editor says:—"To-day we come forward feeling very much the same as we did when we graduated from the nondescript short dresses into masculine pantaloons. We have just passed an era of our life. . . . Let us be judged before being condemned, and if our opinions differ from yours, remember that from different stand-points the same object often has different appearances. . . . Fall and complete justice to all shall be our motto throughout, and we shall always feel bound to speak for those who cannot for themselves."

The Selectmen of Lexington have been notified by the Boston Police that a crowd of roughs may be expected in that town on the 17th to fight dogs, etc.

CLIPPINGS AND NOTES.

—They say.
—By the way.
—People think.
—It is rumored.
—There is no doubt.
—It is generally understood.
—These the latest news headings.
—It looks like Journalism run mad?
"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if e'er, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth, if it be in tune,
And ever it softly her warm ear lays."

Up to the 15th the rarest thing was that other June day.

—A lot of subscriptions fall due at this season.

—New Waterhouse break has been tried on the Mid. Cen. Branch this week.

—Arlington Bicycle Club receives a new member this week,—Henry Dodge.

—The trains on the Middlesex Central Branch are simply immense.

—The Republican party is fast becoming an independent body—see N. Y. and N. H.

—Messrs. John Osborn and S. P. Prentiss are serving as jurors, the former as foreman.

—The Grand Army Post received an accession of five new members, Thursday evening.

—The work of remodeling the Lexington Baptist church goes forward vigorously, under the personal supervision of the pastor, who can build a church as well as build up a society.

—With icy candor the New York Times, in speaking of the alleged bribery, says the legislative career of Senator Sessions has not been such as to render it absolutely incredible that he should attempt to bribe a fellow-member, though it might discredit the allegation of prepayment.

—A Sunday School concert appropriate for "Children's Day," was held in the Congregational church, last Sunday afternoon. In absence of notice of the unusual hour (4.30 o'clock) there was a small attendance outside of the membership of the school.

—The annual reunion and basket picnic of the 11th Regt. Mass. Vet. Ass'n will be held at Downer Landing, Wednesday, June 29. It is the twentieth anniversary of the 11th leaving Boston for the seat of war. Tickets for the round trip from Boston, 40 cents.

—Dr. Thomas S. Seales, for the past 33 years a practicing homoeopathic physician of Woburn, died at his residence last Wednesday. Among the first to adopt this mode of practice, he had called from all the towns around Woburn, and was especially well known in this section. He was an ex-president of the Mass. Homoeopathic Medical Society, and for sixteen years was its treasurer. He died a victim of consumption, at the age of 59 years.

—The 15th school year of Miss Pratt's School, at Belmont, closed with the usual literary and musical exercises, June 10th, in the presence of friends of pupils and teachers. The graduate of the year was Miss Lucena M. Frost, of Belmont. The prizes were awarded to Miss Mabel Berry, for Scholarship; Miss Hattie G. Denny, of Boston, for attendance. The honors were conferred by Dr. E. B. Humphreys, of Boston, with appropriate remarks.

—There needs to be a "new revision" of our town by-laws, and amendments made prohibiting the curbing along the sidewalks from being lined with young men and boys, leaning at and criticizing females at church time on Sunday and in the evening. Nobody could complain of a couple of chaps indulging in a friendly chat on the sidewalk or standing on the curbing, but when it comes to a dozen or two strutting along in a line, it is offensive.—Stoneham News.

—There is a growing tendency on the part of public speakers and writers for the press to speak of a man's calling or business as his "vocation." The proper word to use is "avocation." A man's "avocation" is a calling, other than his regular business, which he may adopt temporarily, for convenience or for the sake of a change. Premier Gladstone's vocation is statesmanship, his avocation is wood-chopping.

—Yesterday morning we requested the Bostonians to beat the Detroits, so we could stir the Free Press man. What did they do? They went and got wallowed in lovely style. And now the Free Press man rises up to stir us and asks why we don't make that gang of Egyptian mummies, automatic clothes pins, swamp angels, backwoods farmers and air butchers change the name of their crowd, so as not to disgrace Boston by toting its name round and dragging it in the mire of defeat. We have nothing to say. What in blazes can we say?—Boston Post.

—The change from stormy and undecided weather to clear skies has taken an immense load from the minds of many of our young men. The tremendous problem which has offered itself to them every day for weeks, whether they should don their resplendent spring raiment in honor of clear weather, or come out in their old clothes prepared for a storm, has caused them such anxiety that many have taken on signs of incipient baldness, and gray streaks have appeared in their hair. It is a dreadful thing for their friends when some of our youth have to put their whole minds upon anything.

—Peterson's Magazine, for July, is on our table, ahead of all others, as usual. We have so often spoken of this lady's book, as the cheapest and best, that all we can do now is to reiterate that opinion. The present number is peculiarly rich in embellishments. In addition to this, there are some two score cuts of fashions, work-table designs, etc.; besides a beautiful colored pattern for a photograph frame, in daisies on black velvet, alone worth the price of the number. Every lady ought to be a subscriber for this magazine. The terms are but two dollars a year, with great reductions to clubs, and handsome premiums to the person getting up the club. Now is the time to subscribe. A new volume begins with the July number, but back numbers, to January inclusive, can always be supplied, if wished. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for to persons wishing to get up clubs. Address Chas. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

SUNDAY SERVICES, JUNE 19.

Rev. H. B. Putnam, recently pastor of Old South church, Salem, will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church, preaching at 10.15, a. m., and again at 7 o'clock. The Sunday School session is at 12 o'clock.

[Rev. Chas. H. Spalding, formerly the pastor of the church, but now of Boston, will preach at the Baptist church in the morning, at 10.30. In the afternoon, at four o'clock, the Sunday School will celebrate its 63rd anniversary. Rev. Dr. Ellis, of Tremont Temple church, and Rev. C. H. Spalding, will make the addresses. A very attractive programme has been arranged, and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

At the Universalist church there will be very impressive services by the pastor, including baptisms and sermon to children.

A temperance meeting will be held in the Unitarian church, in the evening, at 7.30 o'clock, when Mr. Harrison G. Cole, of Boston, will deliver an address. We understand that Mr. Cole has had a varied experience, both in the liquor traffic and in temperance work, and is qualified to present the subject. Several of our citizens have known and heartily endorse him and his work. We trust he will have a good audience.

Hours of services at St. John's Episcopal church, Rev. Chas. L. Hutchins, Rector. Services and Sermon, 3.30, P. M.; Sunday School, 2.30 P. M.

Running Races.

We are requested to say that there will be running races, at the Lexington Race Course, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock; admission to the grounds 25 cents, seats on the grand stand 25 cents. We hope that this attempt to revive an interest in this delightful recreation of riding will meet with the support of all persons, and that a large attendance will reward the efforts of the gentlemen who have interested themselves in this matter.

Marriages.

In Arlington, June 14, at residence of bride's parents, by Rev. C. H. Spalding, of Boston, Mr. Charles C. Cox and Miss Sallie H. daughter of Warren Rawson, Esq., all of Arlington. (An immense quantity must have been required if all the wedding guests fared as generously as we in the distribution of the wedding loaf.

Special Notices.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of the Robert Knmet Branch of the Land League of Arlington, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas,—The Omnipotent God, in the wisdom which is his, has allowed us to make it a matter of duty for us to place on record this testimony of our appreciation of his merits as a member of the Arlington Branch of the Land League, and as a citizen of the town; therefore, be it

Resolved,—That in the death of TIMOTHY C. SWEET, we, the members of the Arlington Branch of the Land League, have lost a valuable and efficient member, and the citizens of Arlington an honorable and upright man.

Resolved,—That this branch of the Land League tender their heartfelt sympathy to the family of our deceased friend, and beg leave to call their attention to the fact that the longest time that any of us stay in this world of trial is very short; and that all of us have to meet on the other side of the grave, when death shall have lost its sting and victory.

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed friend, and that the same be published in the Arlington Advocate and Boston Pilot, and also placed upon the records of this League.

JOHN C. COLLINS, { Committee.
MATTHEW ROWE, }

Tax Collector's Notice.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the Town of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the years hereinafter specified, according to the list submitted to me as Collector of Taxes for said Town, by the Assessors of Taxes, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered by public auction for sale, at the Selectmen's Room, in the Town House, on MON. DAY, June 27th, 1881, at three o'clock, P. M., for the payment of said Taxes, together with the costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

Othnel G. Hall.

About 10,601 square feet of land, on Park Avenue, being lot Nine, Section C, Block Seven, on Whitman and Brock's Plan of Lands of Arlington Land Company, situated at Arlington Heights, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 31, page 1, and bounded easterly by Park Avenue, southerly by lot ten; westerly by lot twelve; northerly by lot eight.

Tax for 1879. \$5.15
Tax for 1880. \$4.00

Benjamin E. Phillips.

About 12,738 square feet of land, on Franklin street, being Lots forty-one and forty-two, on plan by S. F. Thompson, April 1874, of "Wood Farm," and bounded southerly by Franklin street; easterly by lot forty-three; northerly by lots twenty-seven and twenty-six; westerly by lot forty.

Tax for 1879. \$20.61
Tax for 1880. \$20.35

Joseph H. Seal.

About 7,200 square feet of land on Harvard street, being lot fourteen, Section A, Block one, on Whitman and Brock's Plan of Lands of Arlington Land Company, situated at Arlington Heights, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 31, page 1, and bounded westerly by Harvard street and lot two; southerly by lot four; northerly by lot thirteen.

Tax for 1879. \$5.75
Tax for 1880. \$5.75

About 31,675 square feet of land, on Appleton street, being lots one and twenty-one, section A, Block Two, on Whitman and Brock's Plan of Lands of Arlington Land Company, situated at Arlington Heights, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 31, page 1, and bounded northerly by Appleton street; easterly by Harvard street and lot two; southerly by lot two and twenty; westerly by Oakland Avenue.

Tax for 1879. \$10.35
Tax for 1880. \$10.35

About 7,200 square feet of land, on Oakland Avenue, being lot fourteen, Section A, Block two, on Whitman and Brock's Plan of Lands of Arlington Land Company, situated at Arlington Heights, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 31, page 1, and bounded westerly by Oakland Avenue; northerly by lot twenty; southerly by lot three; northerly by lot thirteen.

Tax for 1879. \$5.75
Tax for 1880. \$5.75

B. DELMONT LOCKE,
Arlington, June 24, 1881. Collector of Arlington.

Mrs. O. J. Derby,

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKER.

Directly opposite Medford St., Arlington
Is now prepared to fill all orders for WEDDING and EVENING DRESSES, or for TRAVELING and HOME, in four or five days notice if necessary. All alterations and repairs for Dress and Mantle Making, 2400 Falls Church.

The Boston and Gloucester INDEPENDENT STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

On and after June 15 the Steamship **ADMIRAL** will leave Atlantic Company's Wharf, Gloucester, for Boston, at 6:45 A. M. and P. M., and on return trip from Battery Wharf, Boston, at 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. daily.

The "Admiral" is an ocean steamer, and until recently carried the mails between Pensacola, Key West, and Havana, and was selected and used by the Government to convey General Grant and party to Cuba.

State-rooms can be secured for regular trips and by those wishing to remain on the steamer over night at Gloucester.

Single fare to Gloucester, 65 cents. Round-trip tickets, \$1.00.

Single fare to Magnolia (stage fare included), 75 cents.

Round-trip tickets to Magnolia (stage fare included), \$1.40.

Take Chelsea and East Boston Ferry cars to Battery Wharf, and on return trip from Battery Wharf, apply to
J. H. HAYDEN & CO., Battery Wharf, Boston.
June 11-18

The MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.,

Makers of the Best Cabinet or Parlor Organ, offer new and improved styles at low prices. For cash: three and a quarter octave organ, \$22; four octave, \$30; five octave, \$38; six octave, \$45; seven octave, \$55; eight octave, \$65; nine octave, \$75; ten octave, \$85; eleven octave, \$95; twelve octave, \$105; one hundred and more styles up to \$300 and more. Table Organs, \$7.50. Observe that Mason & Hamlin Organs have greater power, variety and capacity every way and very much better quality than the much advertised "cheap" organs with two or three times as many stops.

All except the very smallest styles of these organs are now sold

FOR EASY PAYMENTS, from \$5 per month up, or will be rented for reasonable rent, with privilege of return at any time, and agreement that it retained until the whole amount of rent paid equals the value of the organ it becomes the property of the party hiring without further payment. The rent of an organ so taken is ten per cent. of its value per quarter year (\$2.50 and up, according to size and value.) Organs will be furnished on these terms for any place within easy access from Boston.

Mason & Hamlin organs are certainly the best in the world, having taken the highest awards at every one of the Great World's Industrial Exhibitions for more than thirteen years, no other American Organs having been found equal to them at any. Illustrated catalogues and circulars with full particulars free.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.
154 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
June 11-18

FLOUR!

Having bought largely on the recently dull market, we are enabled to favor our customers with a still further reduction in prices, in the face of the prevailing boom in wheat and flour.

HIGHEST GRADE OF Haxall, \$9.00

and a great variety of other grades at proportionately low figures. These prices cannot be maintained long, as flours have already advanced at the mills 25 cents per bbl. We shall hold them at these prices for a few days. Buy immediately and save the advance.

CANNED GOODS.

Best Tomatoes, nine cents per can.
String Beans, six cents per can.
Lima Beans, ten cents per can.
Blueberries, ten cents per can.
Pears, Corn, Peaches, Apples, Apricots, Asparagus, Apples, Tomato Soup, Tomato Sauce, Salmon, Corned Beef, Deviled Ham, Potted Turkey and Chicken, Dried Beef, Lobster, Lamb's Tongues, &c., &c., all marked down in the same ratio.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, English Pickles and Sauces, Madras Curry Powder, Salad Cream, Bonny Sliced Chutney, Tomato Sauce, Lemon Syrup, Applesauce, Water, and other luxuries, at lowest rates.

EXTRACTS.

The "Hoard" brand leads all others. A large stock of all sizes and flavors, at reduced prices.

AT THE

BOSTON

Tea Store!

ARLINGTON.

Arlington, May 29, 1881.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

MIDDLESEX, ss.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of June, A. D. 1881, on Petition of Joseph Locke and others for alterations of highway in Arlington, it was adjudged that said alterations are of common convenience and necessity:

Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Arlington Highway Station of the Middlesex Central Railroad, in Arlington, on the 25th day of July next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of said Commissioners,
H. HAWOOD, Chairman.

A Copy.

JOHN M. FISK, Deputy Sheriff.

June 7th, 1881.

CHARLES T. WEST,

INSURANCE AGENT.

LEXINGTON, MASS.

Office at W. A. Peirce's Coal Yard.

Insurance effected in Mutual and Stock Companies at desired. Personal attention to all kinds of insurance business.

Pleasant Street Market.

The proprietors of this convenient Market invite attention to the line of seasonable goods now offering.

THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED BURLINGTON HAMS,

Cured by Mr. T. I. Reed, Burlington.

A full assortment of

CANNED GOODS,

SUCH AS

ASPARAGUS, LIMA BEANS, PEAS, CORN,

TOMATOES, PEACHES, BLUEBERRIES,

SPLENDID RASPBERRY JAM, IN TUBS,

sold in quantities as desired.

Holton's Rose and Prolific

POTATOES.

SWEET POTATOES, ETC.

Also our usual line of staples:

Beef, Lamb, Pork,

Poultry, Hams, Sausage,

Fresh and Pickled Tripe.

Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Etc.

WINN & PIERCE.

LUMBER!

The undersigned would call the attention of the public to the large and varied assortment of

Shingles,

Clapboards,

Pickets,

Coarse and Fine

LUMBER,

And everything usually found on a well conducted Lumber Yard, also

Lime, Cement, Plaster,

Hair, Cedar Posts,

Bean Poles, etc.

All the above enumerated articles can be found at the Old Stand

No. 69 Main Street, Cambridgeport,

Westerly end of West Boston Bridge.

GEORGE W. GALE.

may 28-4w

Boston Ice Cream Co.

Supplies the Best Quality of Cream, at greatly reduced rates. Orders by Mail or Express promptly attended to.

NO. 9 SPRING LANE, BOSTON.

may 28-8w

J. I. PEATFIELD,

DENTIST,

ROOMS IN SAVINGS BANK BUILDING,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FILLING - 25

June 30-1f

Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.

M. A. RICHARDSON & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Daily and Weekly Papers,

Periodicals, Etc.,

HAVE

REMOVED

TO

No. 1 Swan's Block,

where they now offer a large and very fine line of

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Hats, Caps, Umbrellas,

Fancy Goods, Blank Books,

Stationery, Toys, Etc.

Desiring to express appreciation of the generous patronage accorded in the past, we take this method of returning thanks for the same, and would respectfully solicit a continuance, knowing our new store affords much better facilities than ever before and that our new goods are worth inspecting.

M. A. RICHARDSON & CO.

Arlington, April 1, 1881.-1f

Frederick Lemme,

FLORIST.

CHOICE GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS,

Boquets, Anchors, Crowns and Crosses.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

Of every description.

PLANTS RE-POTTED WITH PREPARED SOIL.

PLEASANT ST., ARLINGTON MASS.

april 12-1f

GEORGE HATCH,

SUCCESSOR TO HATCH & BURNES,

DEALER IN

Fresh, Smoked & Salt Fish,

OF ALL KINDS.

Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, &c.

Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Goods delivered in any part of the town, FREE OF CHARGE.

Orders for goods not on hand promptly filled.

may 11-1f

Coal and Wood Dealers.

West Medford Coal Yards.

THE subscriber would inform the citizens of Medford and Arlington that he has filled his NEW COAL SHEDS with a stock of choice Lacawanna, Wilkesbarre and Franklin COAL, and with unusual freighting facilities and light running expenses, together with a stock of COAL bought at the present

Extremely Low Prices,

he is now prepared to supply his friends and the public generally with coal of any kind or size desired, at

BOTTOM PRICES.

Orders left at T. H. Russell's, L. C. Tyler's, or sent by mail to S. B. TAPPAN, Arlington Agent, will receive his prompt attention. Hard and soft WOOD for sale.

West Medford, Sept. 27, 1879.-1f

J. E. OBER,

OPPOSITE DEPOT, WEST MEDFORD.

West Medford, Sept. 27, 1879.-1f

J. W. PEIRCE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Coal, Wood, Hay, Grain,

Cement, Lime and Plaster,

Has removed his office to the entrance of his Coal Yard on

MYSTIC STREET,

Corner of Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Lexington Coal Yard.

WARREN A. PEIRCE,

DEALER IN

COALS,

Wood, Hay, Straw, Lime.

Best Qualities of COAL furnished

AT THE

Lowest Market Prices.

Office near Centre Depot,

LEXINGTON.

July 20-1f

INSURANCE

R. W. HILLIARD,

2 SWAN'S BLOCK,

ARLINGTON,

REPRESENTS

Commonwealth Ins. Co.,

BOSTON.

FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Liverpool & London & Globe,

ENGLAND.

Insurance on Buildings, Furniture, Merchandise, and all kinds of property taken at fair rates.

aug 24-1y

Established, A. D., 1829.

STAPLE

AND

FANCY

Groceries.

Please examine our stock.

You will find no greater variety in Boston.

We sell at the lowest prices, but ONLY first class goods.

In original packages, or in quantities to suit.

Some specialties in fine groceries not found elsewhere.

Orders delivered in Arlington and Lexington, free of transit.

C. B. Fessenden & Co.,

177 COURT ST., BOSTON.

J. HENRY HARTWELL, Funeral and Furnishing



UNDERTAKER, ARLINGTON, MASS.

Residence, Mystic St. Office, Town Hall.

Personal attention will be given to all calls, and no pains will be spared to meet the wishes of those requiring the services of an Undertaker, in every particular.

COFFINS, CASKETS, ROBES, of any desired pattern or required quality furnished at shortest notice.

HEARSE, CARRIAGES, FLOWERS, &c., SUPPLIED AS DESIRED.

Having had large experience, the subscriber feels sure of meeting in every particular the requirements of his business.

I. HENRY HARTWELL.

Arlington, Jan. 7, 1880.-1f

BOOTS & SHOES.

New Styles and New Goods.

OUR Stock is fresh and new goods are arriving every week. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Goods, Mens', Boys' and Youths' Goods of all kinds and in great variety, all of which we should be pleased to show you, whether you purchase or not.

ALSO: MENS', BOYS' and CHILDRENS', HATS, CAPS, and UMBRELLAS.

Call and examine for yourselves. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

Bank Building, Arlington, Mass.

L. C. TYLER.

For Sale or to Let.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

The subscriber has for sale a fine, nearly new house, in Arlington, on Lewis Avenue, off Medford street, two-story, with slated roof, containing ten rooms, standing on a lot of land containing nearly seven thousand feet of land. Apply to

I. F. WOODBURY.

Arlington, May 5, 1881.-1f

TO RENT!

FINE STORE.

APPLY TO

CHARLES S. PARKER,

No. 2 Swan's Block, Arlington, or to Harrison Swan, 1 Faneuil Hall Market.

feb 12-1f

Seeds For Sale,

BY W. W. RAWSON, - - - - - Arlington,

AND

195 Mercantile Market, Boston.

Boston Market Celery.

Henderson Cabbage.

Henderson's Snowball Cauliflower.

Half Early Paris Cauliflower.

Black Seed Tenisbald Lettuce.

Boston Curled Lettuce.

Pure Hubbard Squash.

Pure Marrow Squash.

Double Curled Parsley.

Duings Improved Turnip Beet.

All of last season's growth and of the best quality.

Jan 1-6mo

O. J. Derby,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

Arlington Mass.,

Desires to return thanks to the citizens of Arlington for their generous patronage, and announce that he has removed to the store recently fitted up for his special use, next Swan's Block. All Work entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention, in thorough, workmanlike manner.

Particular attention is given to repairing, West Medford, and all orders for Coal and Wood will receive prompt attention.

July 24-1y

CALVIN ANDREWS,

Successor to W. C. Currier,

Hack, Livery and Carriage Stable,

Bucknam Court, Arlington.

Hacks and carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams. Special pains will be taken to meet all reasonable demands.

Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

July 24-1y

\$10

Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that any one can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TRUS & Co., Augusta, Maine.

CHARLES GOTT,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER,

AND

BLACKSMITH,

ARLINGTON AVE., (Opp. Arlington Hotel.) ARLINGTON

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO

HORSE SHOEING.

Has already finished, and in course of building, HEAVY MARKET and MANURE WAGONS,

SLEIGHS, FUNGS, &c.

MAY 11-1f

